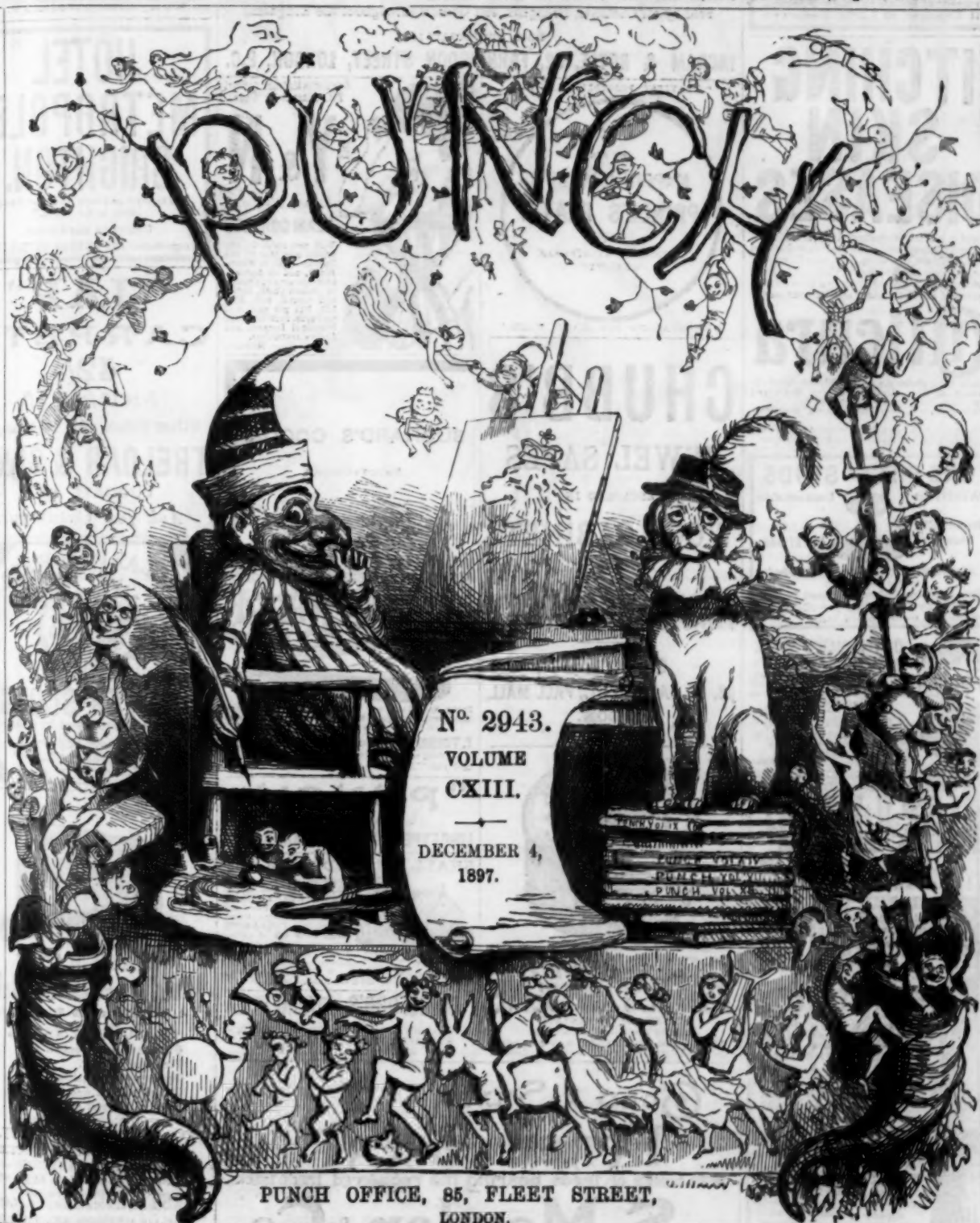


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RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN SULLIVANUS AND PEDLARI PALMERIUS AT THE SUPERBUS SPORTING CLUB.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. V.—TO THE RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.

MY DEAR SIR,—As I strolled along Pall Mall or in the neighbourhood of the Palace at Westminster, *nescio quid meditans nugurum*, it has occasionally been my good fortune to meet a tall figure sedately and delicately pacing in the opposite direction. The gait, indeed, was almost languid, the head hung but loosely on the shoulders, and the face, small in proportion to the attenuated length of body and limbs, wore a pale air of detached absorption suited to a temperament at once poetical and philosophic. The clothes carried by this slow walker might not have passed the exacting muster of the *Tailor and Cutter*, that Argus-eyed, sartorial authority whose young men criticise with an equal freedom the painted trousers of statesmen at the Royal Academy show, and the double-breasted frock-coat of the Duke of York disembarking in Ireland. Still the clothes had about them a neglectful looseness of fit, an exuberance of folds that seemed to suit a man of thought, a philosopher, let us say, or a poet engaged upon the uncongenial task of exercising his limbs in the open air. It was not without an effort, then, that I realised that this figure was you, a statesman, a man of action, an undaunted fighter; a man, in short, who, whatever else his opponents might say of him, was acknowledged by them and by his friends to have faced, with a rigid determination and a complete success, the fiercest onslaughts of the Irishry and their Liberal allies during the stormy years from 1887 onward.

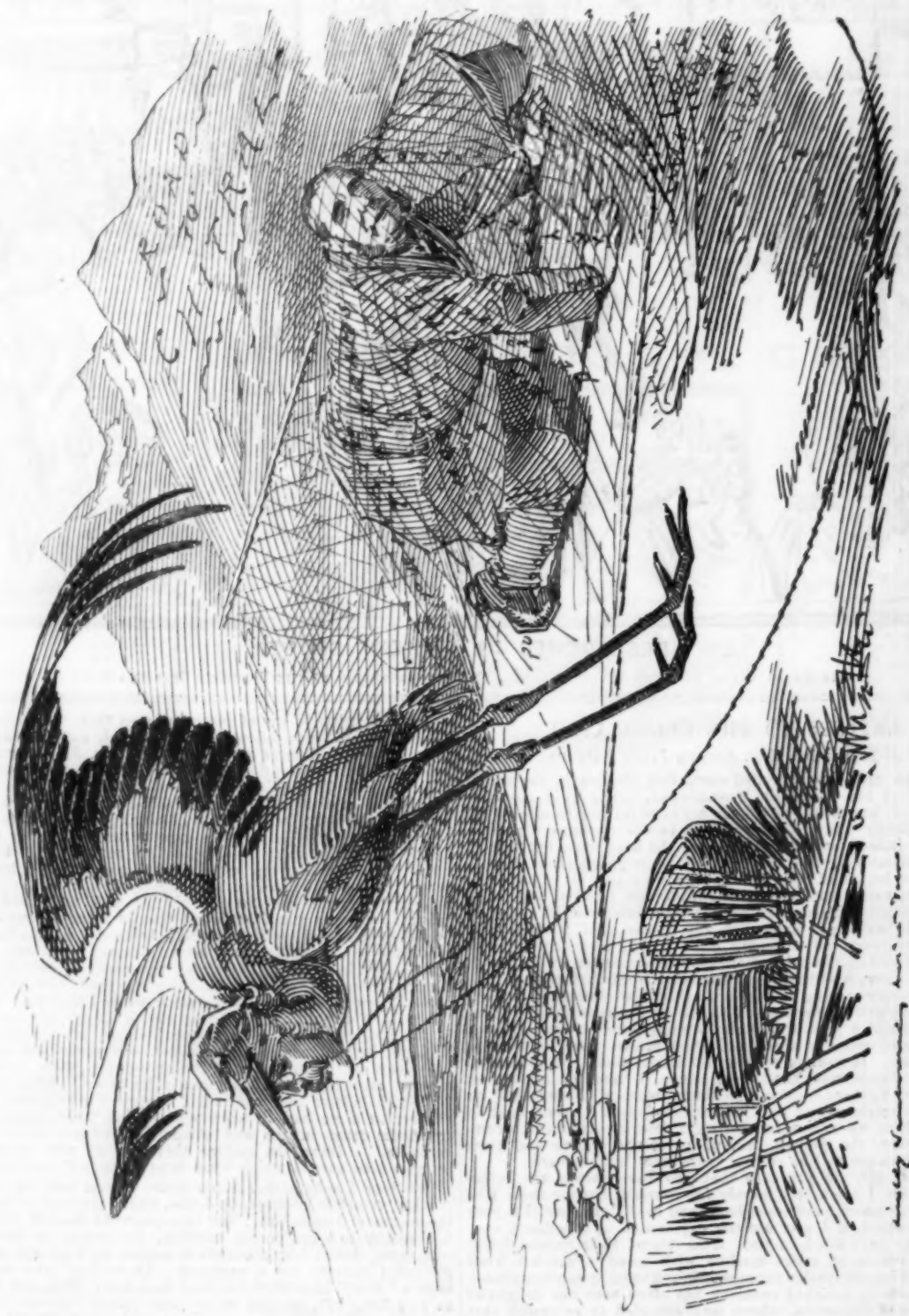
And yet, Sir, are you sure that you have chosen the better part—better, I mean, not merely for yourself, but for those who admire your many qualities of heart and head? I know that your political record, if I may use the expression, is a brilliant one. Your party owes much to you. You steered their barque safely amidst wave-swept rocks marked with many a wreck. Your example of imperturbable courage inspired them in anxious times; your high-bred, polished courtesy has often been the delight of the House of Commons, where men are glad to recognise that determination and vigour do not exclude good manners, tolerance and politeness towards the foe. I know, too, that it is easy and,

perhaps, fatuous to say of successful men that, had they turned their energies into a different channel, their success would have been greater and more striking. Thus Mr. JOHN BRIGHT has been described as a prize-fighter wasted, Mr. GLADSTONE as a Prince of the Church in the guise of a political leader, and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY as a Field-Marshal in black gaiters and lawn sleeves. On the whole, I think it is better to believe that men as a rule pursue the careers for which they are best fitted, and if ROGERS, for instance, had never been a banker, I doubt if the stock of the world's great poetry would have been sensibly increased. And so it is probably with you. You engage in politics because politics provide for your mind the zest it requires, because you have found that in politics your energies find their best and broadest scope. And yet I cannot forbear to speculate on what might have been. For you can think and can write. You have the gift of style; you wield a piercing dialectic rapier; philosophic speculation fascinates you; you are literary, musical, sympathetic. Do these qualities find their best arena in the turmoil of politics? Can they match themselves successfully in the long run against the vulgar blataney of—well, of any pushing, brazen, hippopotamus-hided, self-advertising politician who may be thrusting and struggling for place and power without much regard to the weapons he uses? I hope they can, I wish to believe they can, for I confess it would be a dismal day for us if we had to acknowledge that mere vulgarity and smartness must in the end submerge scholarly courtesy and geniality. I leave the matter there. I do not presume to formulate an answer which Time in any case will provide.

One hint I may give. Keep clear, if you can, of fads and cranks. A subtle intellect, no doubt, finds a pleasure in threading the mazes of bimetallicism; but to a practical English statesman, a Minister in a prosperous country, the centre of the world's commerce, these tricky attempts to tamper with ancient and well-grounded systems are a weakness. In Society, you may have been a "soul," in politics you must be a man. Play golf as much as you like, but, as you value your future, abstain from bimetallicism. Farewell.

Yours with great respect,

THE VAGRANT.



THE BALFOUR BIRD AND THE FOWLER SNARED.

(See Mr. A. J. Balfour's Letter to the "Times" on "The Indian Frontier," dated November 24, 1897.)

Sidney Vandenberg. Artist's Name.

"NEW LAMPS FOR OLD."

IN offering a third specimen of the "nursery-rhyme," as rewritten for youthful decadents, *Mr. Punch* feels that these examples will suffice to show how vast an improvement may be made upon the "senseless jingles," as a reviewer has aptly termed them, with which the less fortunate children of a previous age have had to be content. And he looks forward with confidence to the time when every child will be taught from his earliest years to appreciate the æsthetic beauties of neurotic literature. This final specimen may be called

THE GARDEN OF DEAR DELIGHTS.

The grey weariness of our talk irked me. My glimmering fear dawned to a dreadful certainty; decidedly MARY had no sense of things beautiful, in a word, no soul. Her empty laughter had long since died away, indeed, a note of ill-temper, almost of fury, twanged harshly in her speech. And yet she was so young, so wise, so beautiful! Deep-hidden, surely, a finer sense must yet abide in a form so gracious. And, by good hap, I found it at the last.

"Dear lady," I entreated, "the loftier height may yet be yours. But you must be quit of the bad old modes of thought, you must mount to the untrammelled sense—"

"I wish you'd mount to sense!" she broke in, angrily. "I've never heard such nonsense in my life! Do let's leave that affected jargon and talk about something else!"

"Certainly," I assented, with a sigh. "Yet it were scarce necessary to speak so harshly. But, dear MARY, most unkind, most contrary, I will e'en touch another theme. Perchance," I added, with a sudden thought, "you have a garden?"

"Come, that's much better," said she. "I believe you're going to be intelligible at last! Yes, I have a garden."

"I knew it!" I responded with enthusiasm. "To one thus fair must surely appertain some dimly-fragrant pleasure, some spot bedight with harmonies of colour, some—"

"Oh, dear," she broke in, "you're as bad as ever!"

"Speak, then, my MARY," I replied. "How does your garden grow?"

She eyed me strangely. Almost I could have sworn that a smile lurked around her mouth.

"My garden? Oh—with silver bells!"

"How exquisite!" I exclaimed. "Dear, sweet silver bells, tinkling in the resonant breeze! Tell me more—what else enhances that subtle charm?"

She was moved—deeply moved. Clearly she had more feeling than I had supposed. She had her handkerchief in her mouth, and her voice trembled, as she gasped:

"With—oh, with cockle-shells!"

"Symbolism most apt! The message of the cockle—how deep, how true! Fixed immovably to the arid rock, and yet pointing high with its summit, aspiring to the nobler height—type of every cultured soul! I think I see that dear garden of yours, in which oft-times you wander solitary—or, perchance, do other maidens, beauteous as yourself, share its sweet seclusion?"

She seemed to be almost suffocated by the gracious insight of my words. "Lots of 'em," she cried, well-nigh choking in the utterance, "lots of 'em! All in a row!"

"It lacked but that," quoth I, "to make



Intending Purchaser. "OH, YES, 'E'D BE ALL RIGHT, BUT 'E'S GOT SUCH A HUGLY ED!"

the picture perfect! Dear damosels, clad in fairest garb, not errant among the pathways, but standing demure in one far-reaching row! Fain would I wander, MARY, in that garden, fain would I—"

At this moment MARY suddenly withdrew, murmuring a few broken words which almost seemed to sound like "Of all the screamingly-funny idiots"—but those they could not have been.

And, since then, MARY has not crossed my path, nor sought converse with me; painfully conscious, doubtless, of her own inferiority. Poor child, I despise her not. And some day we will seek together that pleasant place I wot of; yea, hand-in-hand shall we wander amid the dulcet-sounding bells, and the piquant cockle-shells, and the damsels wondrous beautiful, some day will I flee the blatant turbulence of the street, and stray at ease in the Garden of Dear Delights!

CRICKET CHATTER.

(From the Antipodes.)

COULD not have been more warmly received. On appearance in a new place, our hands were nearly shaken off our wrists, and our arms all but pulled from their sockets. Yes, unquestionably in general enthusiasm watches were lost. There was no dissembling of love, and yet kicking down stairs was the theory, if not actually the practice. The reception was magnificent, but it was not cricket. Australia has wisely advanced in most things, but perhaps is a trifle too prominent in greeting visitors. On the whole, the hug of a gaily bear is preferable to the fraternal embrace of a Colonial.

A VERY old lady of our acquaintance says she fears the Winter-time, as that is when "the equivocal gales" are in full force.



A NICE EXCUSE.

Fair Thruster (who has just jumped over Friend). "OH, I REG YOUR PARDON, NELL. I THOUGHT IT WAS A MAN!"

MORE MANNERS FOR WOMEN.

The Girl in Society.—Music and painting are no longer necessary accomplishments. Bicycling and slang are. French is taken for granted. In these days of travel a little Russian, Arabic, Hungarian, Basque, and Chinese are useful. The QUEEN usually converses in Hindustani with the Munshi ABDUL KARIM. I got a great deal of information about the Court from a former Royal footman, now a grocer in my neighbourhood.

At Drawing Rooms.—I could repeat a number of his anecdotes if I had space. The *débutante* should not leave the Royal presence on her hands and knees.

In the Omnibus.—A gentlewoman does not rest her head on the shoulder of the man next to her. Nor does she stamp on her neighbour's toes. Self-effacement is her characteristic. If the Prince of WALES is sitting opposite her in an omnibus she does not stare at him, but looks out of the window behind her, a difficult thing to do gracefully when the omnibus is full, but easy enough after a little practice.

Cards and Calls.—A card is a thin white piece of paste-board. This is not generally known. Its size is exactly three-and-a-half by two-and-a-half inches. In the best houses the butler is provided with an inch measure, and ordered to refuse all cards of improper dimensions. Correct cards are easily obtained. Messrs. PASTE AND BOARD supply very good ones.

Weddings.—Tears are bad form. Most human emotions are bad form. They are out of place in smart restaurants. The bridegroom pays for whatever he cannot get the bride's father to pay for. He even furnishes his own house. Everything is now supplied by caterers. They will supply the bridegroom if necessary. Messrs. NYVES AND FAWKES are an excellent firm.

Dinners.—If the hostess cooks the dinner she is hot and tired when her guests arrive. In the best houses the dinner is prepared by a cook, sometimes by a *chef*, or by what I call a *cordou rouge*. I don't quite know what this is. Most people call it a *cordou bleu*. Perhaps it is a sort of kitchener. Dinners should not last for five hours. The signal to leave the table is a nod to the principal lady. If she is not on the look-out, you can

catch her eye with anything handy. Avoid giving the signal too soon, for instance, just as your wealthy bachelor uncle is sipping his port. Excellent port is supplied by my grocer. You can give the signal prematurely if two of the guests seem likely to come to blows over bimetalism, or any other unwelcome topic.

Up-to-date Entertaining.—This is not entertaining at all, being merely an "At Home" with dull talk and weak tea.

Correspondence.—Try to spell correctly. If your friends live at West Kensington do not address the envelope to East Hammersmith. If you live there yourself, or in any other suburb, have a map of the omnibus route printed on your note-paper. Even smart women travel in omnibuses now.

Learning to Laugh.—This is very difficult. There are now so few things to laugh at. This manual, and my other one—for men—may supply a want.

SURGEONS, PLEASE NOTE.

VERY interesting is the statement contained in the daily Press that a clever operator has succeeded in transferring the eyelid of a defunct porker to a human being who had, unfortunately, lost his own by accident. The principle of this transference suggests the following operations which might be successfully carried out without materially injuring the bulk of the patients.

1. To take some of the cheek of the average Trades' Unionist agitator, and give it to a retiring and modest member of society.
2. Exchange a little of Mr. ALL-N URW-ND's greece for an equal portion of Sir ELL-S ASHM-D B-NYL-TR's turkey.
3. To remove portion of Dr. T-NX-N's jaw.
4. To take the nerve of a steeplechase rider, and transfer it to the Spanish Cabinet in dealing with the Cuban difficulty.
5. Any Barrister on the look-out for an appointment would benefit greatly by obtaining the ear of either the Lord Chancellor or Home Secretary.
6. Portion of a cat, applied vigorously to the back of any street ruffian or wife-beater.

THE PARADISE OF PAWNROKERS.—BOITOWDALE.

AMONG THE ROARING FORTIES;

Or, The New Ménagerie of Letters.

[Mr. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, in a letter to the *Times*, complains bitterly that when, "in this decadent month," the demise of the sea-serpent and the giant gooseberry is followed by the resurgence of "that ridiculous monster," an English Academy of Letters, his name should receive the unsolicited honour of association with so "unimaginable a gathering;" what, indeed, he might call a "*colluvies literarum*." He strongly resents the "adulation of such insult."]

WHEN the fends of fog are on Autumn's traces,
The herald of Yule and the year's decay
Smears the lungs and smothers the faces
With slime that slithers and germs that slay;
And the amorous microbe leaves his lair,
And walks abroad with a wicked air,
And unabashed the wanton chases
By nebulous noon his palsied prey.

For the Silly Season is past and over,
Gone with the equinoctial gales;
That sinuous hoar, the hoar sea-rover,
Has curbed the pride of his prancing scales;
And the giant gooseberry misbegotten
Lies in the limbo of all things rotten,
The savour that clings to last year's clover,
The loves that follow the light that fails.

Where shall they find what next they shall say to us,
Give to our need what new-sent boon?
What fresh air shall the peasman play to us,
Worn to a thread with the jaunts of June?
For to set the jaded limbs astrir
Is as food and drink to the pipe-player,
And it means the deuce if, piping for pay to us,
Never a heart shall heed his tune.

But see! for a ballet is set before us,
Figures that limp on feet of lead,
Two score puppets and all sonorous,
Crowned with paper upon the head!
Past the thymele each one wobbles
Baiting the British public's obols—
And who fares fifth in the footling chorus?
ALGERNON CHARLES! as I live by bread!

Shall I make virtuous sport for Vandals,
I that mixed in the Menads' maze,
Shod in the sheen of my winged sandals,
Fellow of Fauns by woodland ways?
Shall I parade in a vulgar buskin
With ruminant STUBS and stolid RUSKIN,
Not fit to hold two half-penny candles
To A. C. S. in his palmy days?

For I sang of the garb and gait unstudied
Of Bacchanal routs that raged and ran;
Of the cheek of Dryad and Nymph full-blooded
That warmed at touch of the warming Pan;
Who then dares marry my Muse with these,
This *literarum colluvies*?
On him and his print and his staff that budded
I lay the curse of my lips that ban.

Have I not said, O *Times*, and sworn it,
By all oaths valid on earth and sea,
That while one blast is left to my cornet
Not, if I know it, shall these things be?
Not till the lion shear his locks
And share his crib with the craven ox,
Not till the fiery unyoked hornet
Mate with the mere performing flea!

MIXED.—Among the licenses for music and dancing granted by the L. C. C. on Friday last were several for the above-mentioned joyous objects, but coupled "with undertakings!" This is from gay to grave with a vengeance! The singers will become mutes, and the bier be drawn by the barmaids!

THE only rest that a busy and successful City man takes is "inter-rest," and of this he gets as much as he can.

FOOTBALL should be the classic game for Australia, as being essentially "Anti-podean."



FAIR PLAY.

"I HOPE YOU PLUMPED FOR GIGGLES, MISS WUMP! EVERY VOTE IS OF VALUE."

"WELL, I'D A MIND TO; BUT, THINKS I, *PROGRESS* IS GOOD, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR *MODERATION*. SO I JUST HALVED MY FOUR VOTES BETWEEN YOU!"

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

ENQUIRER.—Nothing is easier than to get taken on to the staff of any London paper. The fact that you have never had anything published yet, don't understand politics, and can't spell, goes for nothing. Any editor would snap you up. Try the *Times* to start with.

JEALOUS WIFE.—Don't believe his story, but keep your eye on the female type-writer.

LITTLE TOMMY.—We should hardly like to advise you to marry the pretty girl at the pastry-cook's on the ten shillings a term you receive as pocket-money. Certainly you would find it a hard struggle to keep a wife on anything less than that. It would only be possible by dint of the strictest economy.

HEAVYWEIGHT.—It is certainly very annoying to find that the new armchair is too small for you to get into. Try a shoe-horn.

GREEK.—Yes, it was HELEN who fired Troy, but who Troy was, and why she "fired" him, and what place she "fired" him out of, we do not know.

W. K. W.—You should write another poem, like the one you have sent us, and send it somewhere else. We're full up here for the next forty years.

COOK.—The following is a good receipt for the dish named, but we are not coming to dinner with you on the night you try it. Place in a saucepan a pint of green peas (unshelled), add cigar-ends and orange-peel to taste; cook thoroughly for one hour; strain through a sieve; then go out to dinner and leave the new dish for the servants.

Suburban Hospitality.

[SCENE—A mile and a half to the railway station, on a bitter winter's night.

Genial Host (putting his head out of doors). Heavens! what a night! Not fit to turn a dog out! (To the parting guest.) Well, good night, old chap. I hope you find your way to the station.



BLASÉE.

"NOW I'M GOING TO READ YOU A PRETTY STORY, DEAR—ALL ABOUT THE GARDEN OF EDEN!"
 "OH, MUMMY, PLEASE, NOT THAT ONE. I'M SO TIRED OF THAT STORY OF THE ADAMSES!"

"POTTED ZULU."

[At a meeting of the Newbury Board of Guardians recently it appeared from a statement made by Mr. BRYNOM that the inmates of the "House" objected to being fed once a week on "potted Zulu."]

In wrath the "inmates" have rebelled—
 Yet how should they keep cool, who
 By cruel fortune are compelled
 To live on potted Zulu?

We sympathize with them, indeed,
 The man must be a ghoul, who
 Would force a brother man to feed
 On prime young potted Zulu.

But Mr. BRYNOM on the Board
 Is not the sort of fool, who
 Would leave the mystery unexplored—
 'Fis, what is "potted Zulu"?

He finds the knowledge of the map
 Possessed by paupers too loose,
 They do not know, nor care a rap,
 Whence come their potted Zulus.

To them, no doubt, is Tenerife
 The same as Honolulu—
 And that is why Australian beef
 They christen "potted Zulu."

Then let no good philanthropists
 Their heads, as oft they do, lose—
 It's really beef, the Board insists,
 It isn't potted Zulus!

'ARRY of Cockaigne, having heard the
 word "Bacchylides" recently mentioned,
 wishes to know if it means "Ladies as
 smoke cigarettes."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

*A Roving Bachelor encounters a Beautiful Lady
 in a Railway Carriage, and falls deeply in
 love, which runs but roughly for him.*

THERE'S the Princess of TULIPATAN,
 A lady of highest degree;
 There's the Countess GARRANZOS-MERAN,
 Who is wed to a Spanish grandee;
 There's the Viscountess TOUTALAMODE,
 Who COLUMBA P. QUIRK used to be;
 There's the Lady FITZPORCELAIN SPODE—
 But what are these beauties to me?

There are damsels as well by the score!
 MISS LUCINDA LA CREME-DE-LA-CREME!
 LADIES BETTY and BRIDGET O'MORE,
 Duplex burners of both the same flame!
 COUNTESS OLGA DUCHINKA HATZOFF,
 MISS VAN DUCK from the broad Zuyder
 Zee,
 And MISS PERKINSON PETERA-McSCOFF!—
 But what are these beauties to me?

They may laugh with the light of their
 eyes!
 They may charm with their prattle and
 smiles!
 They may tease with the temper that tries!
 They may witch and may wheedle with
 wiles!
 They may coo with the voice of the dove!
 They may flirt with felicity free!
 They may languish with long looks of love!
 But what are these beauties to me?

Fairest roses may bloom on their cheeks,
 And the lilies shine fair on their brows,
 And their forms be so many antiques
 Not restrained by what Fashion allows!
 Their locks may be auburn or brown,
 Ravenswing or all Klondyke to see,
 Tresses worthy to mesh all the town!—
 But what are these beauties to me?

I am writing with fervour and flame;
 I am thinking of you, only you!
 I may not, alas! know your name,
 Nor that too speedy journey renew.
 But a title you have that is mete,
 Grace of graces, "your grace," you must
 be
 In the Peerage of Peris all sweet!
 You're the Duchess of DIMPLES to me!

Six months after! With still trusting
 heart

To my cousin's I go for a spell.
 She is what they call stylish and smart,
 And no matter how long since a belle.
 We are chatting. A knock at the door!
 And there enters a maiden. 'Tis she!
 "Are you ill?" "No; the heat, nothing
 more!"

'Tis the Duchess of DIMPLES with tea!

Over the Walnuts and the Wine.

Old Mr. Borman (ardent Radical). What
 with the Indian Frontier business, the
 Engineers' Strike, the troubles in East and
 West Africa, the Behring Sea dispute, and
 the occupation of Egypt, it is my firm
 belief that the British Empire is being
 reduced to a skeleton. In fact, it is going
 to the dogs, Sir!

Unconvinced Nephew (enlightened Tory).
 And wouldn't the dogs enjoy the picking
 of the skeleton's bones, eh, uncle?

[Old Mr. B. abruptly joins the ladies.

THE MOST IMPORTANT STATE OF THE
 BRITISH EMPIRE.—The state of the Navy
 and Army.



THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

JOHN BULL. "RECRUITS COMING IN NICELY, SERGEANT?"

RECRUITING SERGEANT PUNCH. "NO, SIR. THE FACT IS, MR. BULL, IF YOU CAN'T MAKE IT BETTER WORTH THEIR WHILE TO ENLIST,—YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOULDER A RIFLE YOURSELF!!"



THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE TO THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF TAXATION IS A SYSTEM OF TAXATION WHICH IS BOTH FAIR AND EFFECTIVE. THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE TO THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF TAXATION IS A SYSTEM OF TAXATION WHICH IS BOTH FAIR AND EFFECTIVE.



SEALS ARE CHEAP TO-DAY!

A Fancy Portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the Canadian Store.

[As the first-fruits of Sir WILFRID LAURIER's policy, it is stated that the Canadian Government "has taken premises in the City, shortly to be opened as a Store for the sale of general Canadian products."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

IN MEMORIAM.

SIR CHARLES EDWARD POLLOCK.

"LAST of the Barons!" lo! the sudden call
Summons you hence across the silent land
To where at His Assize, the Judge of all,
Themselves, the judges of the earth must stand.
Not much shall then avail that legal art
Splendid, that set you other men above;
But much the record how with perfect heart
You learned and practised all the law of Love.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

By a notable coincidence, two novels, almost simultaneously published, take recent historical epochs for their field, and for the puppets of their plot borrow famous characters. In *God Save the Queen* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), Mr. ALLEN UPWARD reveals a hitherto unsuspected conspiracy that gathered round the QUEEN's accession upon the death of WILLIAM THE FOURTH. In *For Love of a Bedouin Maid* (HUTCHINSON), LE VOLKUR deals with the time of NAPOLEON, dating from his unexpected return to Paris after the Italian campaign, down to his final return to the capital after Waterloo. It is a rattling story, full of strange adventure, its hero, *St. Just*, having one of those charmed lives which distinguished *Tom Burke of Ours*, *Charles O'Malley*, and other of LEVER's heroes. In the chapters dealing with the search for the hidden treasure in the subterranean Bedouin city, LE VOLKUR is not beyond suspicion of having *volé* (conveyed, the wise call it) from Mr. RIDER HAGGARD. But the sagacious reader will not inquire too closely whence his good things are provided. As a work of art, *God Save the Queen* is more deftly wrought, Mr. UPWARD, whilst weaving a pleasant story, having succeeded in investing both scenes and characters with vraisemblance. In this year of jubilee, it is especially interesting to learn how narrowly we escaped having a King in 1837 instead of a Queen.

There is dainty tragedy, says my Baroness, in *The Fairy Changing*, a short poem by DORA SIGERSON (MRS. CLEMENT SMOTHER). The other poems which fill the little volume are chiefly on old Irish legends, whose charm lies in their quaint pathos. JOHN LANE of the Bodley Head is the publisher.

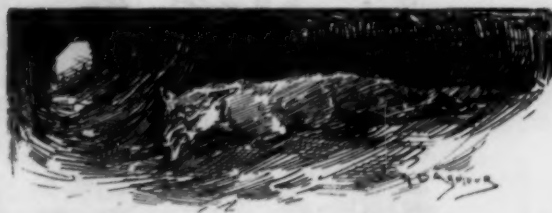
Klondyke must prove a welcome mine for the exploration of the sensationalist. Seated comfortably by a bright fire is the only way to thoroughly appreciate *Hunting for Gold*, by HUME NISBET (F. V. WHITE & Co.). The youthful hero, with unfrozen courage, works through the Yukon valley, till Klondyke gives him all he has come to dig for. Anything that Mr. HUME NISBET writes for adventurous boys is welcome. Nothing of Hume'un interest is unpalatable to our Baronesses.

More Beasts for Worse Children. Verses by H. B., pictures by B. I. B. Somewhat unkind of the anonymous poet and artist to qualify the title so comparatively. No doubt the violent attitude of the tomato-coloured animal, of a Jabberwookian period, on the cover, will have much to account for this "wuseness" of his small friends. (Published by EDWARD ARNOLD, London and New York). Better and happier children will enjoy the acquaintance of *The Dumpies*, discovered by FRANK VERBECK, who must have revealed their existence to ALBERT BIGLOW PAINE, for he has written the history of these delightful little people, who, from an economical sense of proportion, dwell in the Low Mountains; should it not have been "the Big-e-low Mountains?" (KEGAN, PAUL & Co.) For youthful zoological students the Hon. W. J. FORTESCUE tells a simple unvarnished story of a Red Deer in his Devonshire home. The deer is red, and so will this story be. (MACMILLAN & Co.)

The heroine of *The Beth Book* (HEINEMANN) is one of SARAH GRAND's most fascinating creations. With such realistic art is her life set forth that, for a while, the reader will probably be under the impression that he has before him the actual story of a wayward genius compiled from her own genuine diary. It is, the Baron, who greatly admires the work, ventures to think, a Grand mistake on the part of the gifted authoress that she should have written any portion of this book with such a special purpose in view as must necessarily limit the recommendation of its perusal to a comparatively narrow circle, not "a vicious circle," but one composed of "those who know," and who grieve, with *Hamlet*, that "ever they were born to set things right." Apart from this reservation, the story is absorbing; the truth to nature in the characters, whether virtuous, ordinary, or vicious, every reader, with some experience of life, will recognise. One of the most dramatic situations in it reminds the Baron of an exactly similar scene in Mrs. EDWARDS' *Morals of Mayfair*, where, in the latter, hero and heroine are caught by the rising of the tide. In *The Beth Book* the heroine, with one of her temporary lovers, is also caught by the rising of the tide, and has a very narrow escape.

The Legend of Camelot, &c. (BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.), is a genuine re-publication *de luxe* of GEORGE DU MAURIER's pictures, poetry, and prose, that from time to time originally appeared in Mr. Punch's pages. *The Legend of Camelot* recalls the maddest period of the "Aesthetic Craze," when Messrs. Maude, Postlethwaite, & Co., a quite "too-too precious" set of noodles, attitudinising, sighing, groaning, and moaning to the last, received their coup de grâce from the sharp-pointed pencil and pen of our cynical artist, GEORGE DU MAURIER. The laughable Nursery Rhymes in the funniest French are illustrated with a weird, grim-goblin humour that is best described as "Du-Maurieresque"; while his "Society story" of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt not only points a moral, but gives us just a pen-and-inkling of the germs of the idea which, at a much later date, was to come to fruition as *Tribby*. From a literary, as well as from an artistic point of view, this volume is most welcome.

THE BARON DE B-W.



"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

["In a very short time the hounds were actually in view of him, and but for that abominable open earth my tale would not be cut so short."]

Brer Fox. "BUT FOR THE OPEN EARTH, I SHOULD BE TAILLESS!"



A BAD EXAMPLE FROM VIENNA!

OUR ARTIST TRUSTS HE MAY NOT BE A PAINED SPECTATOR OF THIS SORT OF THING IN THE COMING PARLIAMENTARY SESSION, WHEN THE ARMY AND THE L.C.C. COME UP FOR DISCUSSION!

ODE ON A LONDON TRAM.

(Afflicted by Locomotor Ataxia.)

I KNOW the tram
Of Amsterdam,
Of Moscow, Milan, Copenhagen,
Nice, Prague, Berlin,
But ne'er stepped in
A wheeled affair
That made me swear
In language so profanely pagan,
As this ramshackle London tram!

I mostly am
Meek as a lamb,
And keep my temper and my hair on;
But when I ride
In or outside
This blessed hearse,
I'm "taken worse,"
And rage and rave with wild despair on
The pace of this suburban tram!

I'd rather cram
Into a "pram,"
Or hire a bath-chair or steam-roller;
For one and all
They hardly crawl
Like this machine
That plies between
Kew Bridge and Town. I grind each molar
With wrath when on this snail-like tram!

Why should I sham
A smothered—monosyllable
At this conveyance soul-destroying?
No, loud I'll shout,
"Stop! let me out!"
'Twill more avail
A 'bus to hail—
A pirate ev'n were less annoying
Than this funeral London tram!

SOME MORE RUMOURS.

Nor only is it denied that the Channel Islands are to be given up to France, but also that Gibraltar is to be handed over to Spain. There was never any intention of taking Cuba in exchange.

It is untrue that Valencia Island is to be given to Russia, to form the long wished-for port on the Atlantic. The concession offered in return—a small reduction of the duty on English electric cabs in Turkestan—was considered insufficient.

The report that the Isle of Man is to be handed over to the United States, as a small token of the unalterable and unrequited affection of this country, is contradicted. It is believed that a certain very eminent novelist threatened to put all the Ministers into his next book if the one place which he knows anything about were interfered with, and that the idea was consequently at once abandoned. Nevertheless, according to the newspapers and public speeches in this country, our affection for our dear brothers across the Atlantic is more fervent than ever, blood being thicker than water. Their affection for us continues much the same as it has been for the last few years.

There is no truth in the rumour that, in consequence of the insufficient numbers of the Bonchurch policeman, and his inability to increase himself numerically, the Government will give the Isle of Wight to the GERMAN EMPEROR. It is therefore untrue that the ten men and one officer, recently representing the German army in Crete, left there to take possession of the Isle of Wight; that the whole of the Ger-



THE FIRST WALK OF THE CONVALESCENT.

man navy, at present at Kiao-Chau Bay, has been ordered to Cowes; or that the KAISER himself has prepared the plans for transforming Osborne House into an impregnable fortress. The cession of Heligoland may have given some grounds for this rumour, but that gift, having failed to produce the sincere affection we so constantly crave, is hardly likely to be followed as a precedent.

Parliamentary Proceedings.

"WITH shouts of rage they dealt out blows and kicks, and tore out each other's hair."

"Ah," said the traveller who had returned to his native shores, "so they have got Home Rule in Ireland at last, and this is a report of their first session?"

"Not so," interrupted his friend. "I am reading from an account of a debate in the Austrian Reichsrath."

I WAIT FOR THEE.

(A Fin-de-Siècle Love Song.)

I WAIT for thee
Beside the stile,
Once more to see
That sweet, sweet smile.
Despite of snub
I linger there,
Close to the public thoroughfare.
The storm-cloud scowls
Across the sky,
The tempest howls,
And so do I.
The blooming cowslip wild and free
Will hear me vow
I wait for thee.

SAD TO CONTEMPLATE.—A broad-minded man with narrow means.



ANOTHER IRISH OBSTRUCTION.

Colonel O'Funk. "I SAY, MY MAN, WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT RAIL?"

Pat. "NOTHING."

Colonel O'Funk. "THEN, WILL YOU TAKE IT DOWN, AND I'LL CLEAR IT!"

THE L. F. B. VADE MECUM.

Question. What is the general impression of the Public of the members of the Fire Brigade?

Answer. That they are models of efficiency and the bravest of the brave.

Q. Is this opinion justified by facts?

A. To a large extent. The men are all that they should be, and if efficiency is not complete, it is the fault of the authorities.

Q. Who are the authorities?

A. The members of the London County Council.

Q. What is the record of this body as regards the Fire Brigade?

A. That they contrived by their interference to lose the services of one of the best of Superintendents, although they were fortunate enough to secure the assistance of a worthy successor.

Q. How do you know that the present head of the Fire Brigade is a worthy successor to his predecessor?

A. Because that is the opinion of the predecessor, an opinion shared by the Public at large.

Q. Has the Superintendent any chance of distinguishing himself?

A. Scarcely; because the material with which he has to work is ridiculously disproportionate to his needs.

Q. Give an instance in support of this statement.

A. A recent fire in the City absorbed the entire stock of fire-engines available in the Metropolis. Had there been another large fire at the same moment, it would have had to burn itself out free from the representation of the L. F. B.

Q. Is not this a disgraceful state of affairs?

A. Not only disgraceful, but ridiculous.

Q. Why is such a situation allowed to continue?

A. Because the authorities are accustomed to cheese-paring and luck.

Q. Do you mean that so long as the condition of affairs remains undiscovered, they will trust to chance to avoid disaster?

A. I do. For instance, in the matter of the recent fire to which I have alluded, luck stood their friend. The first conflagration exhausted the resources of the L. F. B., but there was no second blaze of the first order to complete the object lesson.

Q. Still, attention was called to the matter in the pages of the newspapers?

A. Certainly; and with the customary benefit to the community.

Q. Kindly explain what you mean by "customary benefit."

A. I mean that benefit which is de-

rivable from the schemes suggested during a nine-days wonder.

Q. Are those schemes usually adopted?

A. No, they are not usually adopted, and are generally dropped when the wonder of the nine days is succeeded by a marvel of a fortnight later.

Q. Has not the recent fire also brought to light a mass of circumlocution further hampering the efforts of the firemen?

A. It has; and with great good luck, something may be done to mend matters in that connection.

Q. In what way?

A. By making it a rule to obtain coal for the engines from the nearest source of supply, and improving the call machinery.

Q. But will that be enough?

A. Certainly not; but it is the custom of Englishmen to do things by halves, on the principle that a moiety of a loaf is preferable to no bread.

Q. But surely the public conscience is now fully aroused?

A. Certainly; but, judging from precedent, this does not amount to much.

Q. Make your meaning plainer.

A. The public conscience will be productive of tons of talk, and then peacefully resume its slumbers until the next disaster.

ODE TO AN OYSTER.

(By an amorous Bivalveian, who is blocked out of the Counter at Luncheon-time.)

I LOVE thee, gentle oyster; yet I ween
Thou knowest not thy lover or his mien.
Thou canst not know me, since I still await
Thy chaste arrival on the dubious plate,
And watch, with all but evident distress,
My rivals who around thy charms still press,
While I my love to thee may not yet tell
When quivering upon the deep, deep shell!
Think not, dear oyster, that I mean you ill
Because you do not satiate my will;
But recognise that my despair is utter
When, armed with stout and copious bread-

and-butter,
I may but take but little snacks and sips,
While longing, love, to press you to my lips!

Come then, mine oyster, redolent of foam,
And Chili-vinegared or lemon-juiced, come home!
Come home, mine oyster fair, come home!

NOTE BY DABBY JONES.—When the Automatic Starter is fully established, we shall also have the Automatic Jockey, the Automatic Horse, the Automatic Judge (who will "click" when the automatic Horse wins), and the Automatic Jockey Club always willing to give a decision by placing a £25 Jubilee piece in the slot.

A WEALTHY and healthy man who is a systematic grumbler, finds his counterpart in a beautifully-situated stream which goes on perpetually murmuring.

A PROPOS OF THE RACING LAST WEEK.—Why not have jockeys arrayed in electrically-lighted coloured jackets and caps? Then neither the Judge or the Public would ever be in a fog. But at Derby and Warwick some of the contests were assuredly mist-eries.

It is a virtue, and yet the only one that cannot be even named without sin. It is Sin-cerity.

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Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and
Sores of all kinds, its effects are mar-
vellous. It is the only real specific for
Gout and Rheumatic Pain, for it removes
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Thousands of wonderful cures have been
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Specially prepared for
Toilet and Nursery
Use.

In 2 oz. Packet, 3d.
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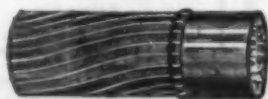
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Beautiful.

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Jasmin	trops	Parme
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Maréchal Niel	Ambergris	Violet
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6d. per Bottle and upwards.

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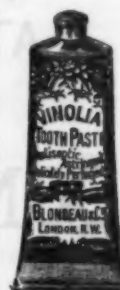


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Dental Structures.

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1s.

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Hair and Scalp.
Imparts a fine
Silkiness to
the Hair.

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9d.

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and of a
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